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IN THE DARK.

A haze of stars, a glimmering veil
Before the ancient throne of night;
A planet like a sentinel
Upon the outer height.

Deep dusk, the caverns, and wide still air,
Where fainting fragrance rolls along;
A bird that warbles in his dream
Some thrill of broken song.

Great roses drooping for the dew
Around us in the perfect gloom;
And, as we wait, far off and low,
The distant breakers' boom.

And among all delicious nights,
Give me this hour's mysterious swoon;
Enchanted song, enchanted hush,
And June without a moon!

KATIE KING, THE MYTH.

The sensation for some time since in London has been the "Katie King" alluded to as the spirit test that convinced Mr. Wallace, the naturalist. How spirit came to revisit the glimpses of a twilight room is thus told:

Among the persons in England possessing mediumistic powers is a young girl of fifteen years of age, Miss Florence Cook. Mr. Crookes vouches emphatically for her respectability and her ingenuousness. Her powers have been submitted to the severest tests at Mr. Crookes' own house, and under conditions which he has himself dictated, and he does not seem to have a doubt that they are genuine. While in the trance state about three years ago, a luminous form began to appear near her person. This has in the course of time developed into a full-grown woman, and not merely the form of a woman, but a flesh and blood one, which appears suddenly, walks, talks, permits itself to be touched and embraced, and melts away into nothingness before the eyes of the company. This "spirit" says that her name is Annie Owen, that she died a hundred years ago in Wales, and that her nickname is "Katie King." She is described as very beautiful in face and figure, wearing long hair of light auburn, which hangs in ringlets down her back and each side of her head, reaching nearly to her waist. On the occasion of her later appearances she was dressed in pure white, with low neck and short sleeves. She wore a long white veil, but this was drawn over her face but seldom.

After the testimony of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Crookes, the next witness must be Mrs. Ross-Church, the novelist.

On the evening of the 9th of May, Katie King led me, at my own request, into the room with her beyond the curtain, which was not so dark but that I could distinguish surrounding objects, and then made me kneel down by Miss Cook's prostrate form and feel her her hands and face and head of curls, while she (the spirit) held my shoulder, with one arm around my neck. I have not the slightest doubt that upon that occasion there were present with me two living, breathing intelligences, perpectly distinct from each other, so far at least as their bodies were concerned. If my senses deceived me, if I was led by imagination or mesmeric influence into believing that I touched and felt two bodies instead of one; if "Katie King" who grasped and embraced and spoke to me, is a projection of thought only—a will power, an instance of unknown force—then it will be no longer possible to know "who's who in 1874," and we should hesitate to turn up the gas incautiously, lest half our friends should be but projections of thought and melt away beneath its glare.

Whatever Katie King was on the evening of the 9th of May she was not Miss Cook. To that fact I am ready to take my most solemn oath. Katie was very busy that evening. To each of her friends assembled to say good-by she gave a bouquet of flowers tied up with ribbon, a piece of her dress and veil, and a lock of her hair, and a note, which she wrote with her pencil before us. Mine was as follows: "From Annie Owen de Morgan (*alias* Katie King) to her Friend, Florence Marryatt Ross Church, with love. *Pensez a moi.* May 21, 1874." I must not forget to relate what appeared to me one of the most convincing proofs of Katie's more than natural power, namely, that when she had cut, before our eyes, twelve or fifteen pieces of cloth from the front of her white tunic as souvenirs for her friends, there was not a hole to be seen in it, examine it which way you would. It was the same with her veil, and I have seen her do the same thing several times.

Cleopatra To-Day.

A correspondent who has been to the British museum writes: "Full of strange speculations and sober thoughts I paused at last before the case containing the mummy of Egypt's royal flirt, Cleopatra. The soft light of the English twilight was falling through the dingy windows and chasing long shadows around the cases and into the dark corners. The sight-seers had exhausted themselves and withdrawn and the apartment was deserted and silent as the tombs, and I was all alone with my reveries and the dead. Before me was the short, dumpy figure of the queen, the flash of whose eye and the witchery of whose smile had intoxicated the mighty Cæsar and unnerved the brawny arm of Marc Antony. She was wrapped a thousand times in linen bands and seemed bundled up to keep the cold air out. On the outer covering was a portrait of the woman as she appeared in life. The colors were nearly as bright as when put there. The cheeks were full and rosy, the hair dark as the raven's wing, and there was a look of ineffable grace in the face, blushing with an expression that bespoke knowledge of her beauty and power as a woman rather than that of a queen. There were the charms before me that had seduced a score of lovers, and the lips that it was a delirium to kiss. I stood there, and thought and thought until thinking became a burden and the gloom of my feelings warned me from the spot. But a strange fascination held me there to hold communion with this awful thing."

The Place of Woman.

One of the principal features of the middle ages is the recognition of the fact that Christianity assigned to woman a new place in the social order of the world very different from what it had been before. The deep respect accorded by that epoch to woman could not but exercise a most powerful and beneficial influence on humanity; for when man, confident in his physical force, reigns alone, we can never expect to see real human culture develop itself. There now arose a new kind of worship of the Beautiful, and of female beauty in particular, and that in a higher and more refined sense than had been the case with the non-Christian world. The Greeks, the Romans, and the Arabians had bestowed praise on woman, as necessary to their happiness, but they treated her only as an inferior, and even as a slave. The Christian world set before itself a new ideal. What man now strives for is, that the lady whose affections he endeavors to win should recognize his personal worth; that she should prefer him to other suitors; that she should love him because she honors and esteems him. Such a demand is based upon the supposition that man considers woman as his equal; nay, that he looks up to her as a superior being; the endeavor he makes to deserve the favor of her he loves, and to become worthy of her, reacts on his own conduct. Love raises him above all that is common and vulgar; it becomes with him the mainspring of every noble action; he can henceforth neither do or say anything of which he would feel ashamed before her. The Teutonic nations especially seized the full significance of this lofty conception of woman and of her place in life; with them love was nothing but the spontaneous homage of strength to beauty; they introduced new social usages and a more elevated system of ethics among the inhabitants of Southern Europe, and at the same time, communicated to them that reverential respect which raises woman, though naturally weak, above the common level of humanity.

Thackeray on Female Society.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, a tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; but as a pure epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sancey, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking with a well regulated, kindly woman about her girl Fanny or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from a woman's society, is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your moral men, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes, and we say we won't go out, we prefer ourselves and our case; and the greatest good that comes to man from woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

An Important Invention.

A correspondent of the Vicksburg Herald gives an account of a new invention now in practical operation in Mountain Cotton Mills, near Bolton Station, on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, which, if it proves to be all that is represented, must have a more important effect upon the production and manufacture of cotton than even Whitney's cotton gin has had. It does away with the ordinary process of ginning, converting the cotton just as it is taken from the field into thread of superior quality. It costs only $250, and it attached to the ordinary card stand. It is said that specimens of thread made by this machine have been sent to nearly all the northern manufacturers, and have been pronounced stronger and more lustrous than that spun by the ordinary mothod. It is claimed that a thread spun by this means will sustain fully one-third more weight than a thread of equal size made of cotton that has passed through the processes of compression and complicated machinery of common cotton mills. The great importance of the invention, however, consists in the fact that by its cheapness and simplicity it may be introduced into common use, the natural result of which will be to transfer the whole work of cotton spinning from manufactories to the cotton fields, thus effecting a great saving in the cost of packing and transportation, and in other expenses.

—A year ago a young man would be real good to his mother on the promise of a shirt which buttoned behind, but now such a promise wouldn't swerve him an inch.

Faces.

Lavater I think it is who requires all right-minded persons to have what he terms "homogeneous faces," every feature and trait and curve in harmony with all the rest, and all leading up to the same meaning. In sincere faces, all the changing features do so; but it is difficult to see why, when we take the permanent features, these must be good faces; it is essential to beauty, no doubt; but if the face be an evil one, its character will hardly be mended by having no opposing trait, no redeeming feature left. The greater Napoleon had a homogeneous face, and certainly all the Madonnas have. But so also Tito's must have been, and if any one has a good picture of Mephistopeles, I fancy it will be the same throughout. Indeed one would think that these people must be wholly good or wholly bad, only that there are none such in the world. The people we call single-hearted are likely to have homogeneous faces, so are the simple and vigorous. If their circumstances suit them, they will be well content; but you sometimes find them at war with all their surroundings, and then they are altogether unhappy—no part of their nature is at rest. These, too, are the people who can be killed by grief. The ordinary photographs of Keble, the prints of Pope Pius VII., Rousseau, and Watts give us unhomogeneous faces. If, then, incongruous faces are not the handsomest, nor the most lovable, nor the opposite thing, they are generally the most difficult to understand and the most in need of being understood. Probably their owners don't understand themselves. When one sees one set of features contradicting the other, the whole face tells us of an inward conflict, a complexity of character that must be always troublesome to the man himself and often very inconvenient to his friends. And not only are these the most in need of being understood, but as it is ever the struggle that pleases us, they are also the most interesting to study. Generally the incongruity consists, I think, in the mouth and chin failing to support the upper part of the face; and then the meaning of it is most frequently that the man's nature is better than his acquirements, not being duly supported by his energy. Now it is wonderful how far more common good foreheads and eyes are amongst us than good mouths and chins. This is evident from the fact that we meet so many more grand-looking men now they have readopted their beards than we used to do; for there can be no doubt that when a man has a good mouth and firm chin, he loses greatly in looks by concealing these in his beard. And this is a very gratifying fact—not that of the beards, but that about good upper faces being so much the most common. For our next rule is, "Observe the forehead to discover what a man is by nature, or what he may become according to his nature; and the motionless closed mouth when you would know what he actually is, or has become by habit." The upper face, the head, brow, and eyes express the intelligence and nature of the man; the lower part, the mouth and chin, give us the measure of his resolution and strength, his practical or acquired ability, and the temper which he himself, or his circumstances, may have formed in him. The movable features which chiefly (not wholly) give us the passing changes of thought and feeling, are the mouth and nostrils of the one part, the eyes, eyelids and brow on the other. In polished society the expression of the eyebrows and the mouth is voluntary except in moments of self-forgetfulness or rest, and then the lips take the form of the governing or habitual disposition.—*Victoria Magazine.*

Patti's Debut.

Antonio Barili, a half-brother of Adelina and Carlotta Patti, has confided many family affairs to a correspondent of the Chicago Post and Mail, who writes that Barili said; "Adelina Patti began with me, as did also Carlotta. I taught her on the piano. When Jenny Lind was here Adelina proved herself such a wonderful imitator of the great singer that she was placed in other hands for vocal culture. I was on a trip south soon after. When I came near New Orleans I stopped off one night at a small town in Alabama. By the merest accident I turned in at the court house to hear a concert. I took a seat well back towards the door and awaited the singers. Before they came I heard some one on the stage say, 'Why, papa, there's Antonio.' It was Adelina's voice. Then I knew I had come to listen to my own sister. When she appeared and gave one or two little ballads I was amazed. Such a voice I had never heard and never dreamed of hearing. Such execution, too! Well, I was in ecstasy. The girl's debut, although made in a backwoods town and attended by not more than a hundred people, was grand enough for a queen."

The Poor Arab Women.

A writer on the "Women of the Arabs" says: "Girls in Syria may be married at the age of ten and grandmothers at twenty-one. The Mohammedans object to a girl being taught to write, lest she should take to write clandestine letters. The Druzes of Lebanon are most despotic towards their wives; but among the Nusairiyeh women are worst treated, being excluded from all religious communion as unclean beasts. This miserable race of Nusairiyeh believe in transmigration of souls, and hold that the spirit of a wicked man is punished by his being born again a dog or a woman, whereas an obedient woman may be rewarded by being regenerated a man. And the poor degraded pitiable lasses comfort themselves in their servitude with the dim hope of becoming men after the short life. Amongst no class is much care manifested for woman's life. Until recently, in Syria, women were poisoned, thrown down wells, beaten to death or cast into the sea; and the government made no inquisition into the matter. On the whole it is better to be a camel in Arabia than a woman: the quadruped is more kindly treated."

A Test Case.

In 1869 the Louisiana national bank shipped by the Southern Express company at New Orleans $13,528 to the bank of Kentucky and $3,000 to the Planters' national bank. The money was delivered by the Southern Express company at Humbolt to complete the transportation, and the last named company was bringing it to Louisville on the cars of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, when, at Budd's creek, in Tennessee, a trestle gave way while the train was passing over it. This precipitated the express and other cars in the bed of the creek, the cars caught fire from the engine, and all express matter, including the money mentioned above, was burned.

In the receipt taken by the Louisiana national bank for the two Louisville banks there were various printed conditions, among which was a condition that the express company was not to be liable for loss occasioned by the damages of railroad transportation or by fire.

Various interesting questions arose in the case, but the most important one decided was that if the express agent was not himself guilty of negligence in caring for the money, if the express company was not itself guilty of negligence in selecting the Louisville and Nashville railroad as the vehicle with which to complete the transportation, then the express company was not liable to the banks, although the falling of the trestle and the consequent fire may have been the result of negligence on the part of the Louisville and Nashville railroad company.

For the banks it was contended that the Adams Express company having undertaken to complete the transportation to Louisville, it would have been responsible for any negligence of its own employes whereby the money was lost, and was necessarily responsible for the negligence of the Louisville and Nashville railroad company, whose cars it employed to do what it was bound to do, viz: to complete the transportation to Louisville; that the loss occasioned as stated was not to be deemed a loss by the dangers of railroad transportation within the meaning of the receipt, unless it appeared that the loss could not have been avoided by proper diligence on the part of the railroad employes. But Judge Ballard has ruled otherwise.

The case, we learn, will probably go to the Supreme Court of the United States.—*Louisville Commercial.*

Chess Revival.

A chess congress in session in Chicago and a Canadian chess tournament in progress in Montreal indicate a special revival of interest in this royal game, though not perhaps a return of the chess fever in epidemic form. The languid chess columns of our weeklies will for a season cease to be solemn, and cautious kings, sedate bishops, vaulting knights, and majestic queens will waltz around the boards as in *ante bellum* days. Should chess be encouraged or discouraged as an amusement or pastime? Whether it is advantageous or disadvantageous to indulge habitually in this game depends upon the mode of life or kind of occupation of the person indulging. To accountants, teachers, writers, students, whose life is sedentary and whose toil is mental, chess affords neither rest nor recreation. It but increases the demands upon the mental vitality, continues the intellectual tension, prolongs the day's strain. To play a game of chess scientifically is as severe a tax upon the mental powers as to calculate an eclipse of the sun. It is utterly foolish to deny that for such classes ten pins, billiards, euchre, and cribbage are not a hundredfold better. But for physicians, soldiers, active business men, who are on their feet much of the day, who need physical rather than mental rest when evening comes, chess is not too exhausting mentally, is absorbing in interest, and exceptionally improving. It developes caution, teaches deliberation and foresight, demonstrates the wisdom of broad plans and comprehensive combinations, strengthens the capacity to concentrate the thoughts, and to fix and keep fixed for long periods the attention. Chess improves the memory, disciplines the mind just as mathematics does, curbs the imagination which is too vivid, and tends to calm the temperament which is too nervous, makes the mind more analytical, and fascinates and enchains the master of its intricacies as no other game can. To some, therefore, it is a royal pastime, to others a detriment.

—Constantinople has adopted some decisive steps to promote the morality of the city. All public or secret gambling in cafes or other places in any part of the capital is forbidden. Husin Pasha, minister of police, has just issued an order under which all theaters, cafes chantants, cafes, and places of a like nature in Pera and other parts of Constantinople must in future be closed at midnight. Any establishment keeping open after that hour will be compulsorily closed by the police, and its proprietor subjected to a heavy fine.

—A Mississippi pilot saw the comet the other night, and immediately cried, "I've got 'em; snakes I've had before, but now the stars have got tails on 'em; I'm a dead man."

Bursting Brains—A Singular Sickness in Mexico.

A most singular and unaccountable disease, commonly known as the bursting sickness," has broken out in this vicinity, and already has spread to many of the neighboring villages and cities. The people are in consternation by reason of the many deaths which have occurred. The doctors—wretched medical men at the best—are at a loss how to deal with the trouble, and the priests have their hands full. Tlalenango, Bolanos, Cartagna, and even Sanceda Hac are suffering more or less, and there is no telling where or when the disease is to stop. I am not an expert in describing sickness, but the trouble seems to me to be an usual discharge of nerve force into the brain. The symptoms are sudden nausea, followed almost immediately by a severe and sharp pain along the spine, proceeding from its lower extremity to the head, and described as feeling as though a blunt knife were scraping upward. There is then—when the pain reaches the back of the head—a sharp and poignant distress there which makes the patient delirious, although it never produces unconsciousness or loss of the right uses of the senses. The eyes are bloodshot and wild, with pupils greatly contracted. The sensitiveness to light is intense, so that even in paroxysms of excruciating agony the patient will rise and seek a dark place. This state lasts commonly not more than from thirty to forty minutes, during which the patient feels as though his head was splitting; and when this condition has lasted for about half an hour the cranium actually bursts open at the sutures, as is sometimes the case with infants whose heads split thus after death from water on the brain. The sound produced by this rending asunder of the bones of the skull can plainly be heard full ten feet from the patient. It is said that in some instances the disruption is extremely sudden, and accompanied with a noise still louder. This occurs, too, at a moment when the sufferer is in full consciousness, and it is most terrible to witness. The disease broke out at the silver-mining region at Bolanos about two weeks ago, and its cause is unknown. About three hundred persons—generally adults—have already died of it and it is yet spreading. The sickness is, so far as I know, as unique as it is singular.—*Tlalenango letter to N. Y. Graphic.*

Browsing in Libraries as a Means of Culture.

So it is that Mr. Emerson tells us again to "read in the line of our genius." If, alas! every boy and every girl knew what the lines of their genius were. There is the exact difficulty. Many of us have not found out what the line of our genius is. Indeed, most of us do not. Indeed, we have very decided genius, it would have so taken possession of us, that we could not get away from it; it would have forced our lines of reading before this time. For those, then, who have not found out what the lines of their genius is, the answer is to be given. For such people, it is a very great advantage to be turned loose in a large library—not for a long time, indeed, but for a time long enough to determine what is best for them, what they take to most thoroughly and heartily. Here, it may be said by the way, is one of the advantages which the small colleges have over the large ones. Your large college, with its large library, has a set and special librarian, who invariably and infallibly, by the law of his being, considers the tool of more importance than the work it is to do, and shuts up the books from those who would otherwise handle them. In such browsing here and browsing there an intelligent boy, girl, man, or woman finds out what is good for him, or what he is good for. Failing this, which is, of course, out of the question for most readers, the best rule we know is, for the student to make one bold plunge into the thicket,—with the best intention, and from the best light he can get, and then follow bravely and steadily the path which opens. At the end of the week, for instance, look steadily back upon the varied interests of the week, and choose which, on the whole, has been that which moved, attracted, or compelled you most.

Rules for Keeping Cool.

A cotemporary has instructed its readers how to keep cool in the heated term. We propose to try our hand:

Never go in the sun; it heats the blood.

Clothes prevent the escape of heat from the body; wear none, or only a loose shirt and drawers.

Work heats the system; do nothing.

Sit in a draft.

Reading, talking and thinking generate heat; do neither.

Bathe every hour of the day, and take a shower bath between.

Wear a cap with ice in it.

Sit with your feet in a tub of ice water.

Call your wife and daughters when you want anything; it is a good operation.

Drink iced tea, lemonade, plain soda, and such; have a cool stream running in all the while.

By observing these simple directions one can get along without going away, unless the effect sends him off.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

—We find the following item in an Illinois paper: "Mr.——, who has been in retirement for a few weeks after marrying and burying three sisters, came up smilingly to the altar again yesterday, having begun on a new family."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—A Chicago man is to start a condensed egg factory.

—Pearl river, Mississippi, furnished the lumber for the St. Louis bridge.

—It is nothing for a Georgia woman to kill fifty snakes per week.

—Mrs. Lizzie Lloyd Phœnix, the Russian diamond scandal person, is known as the "Grande Duchesse" in Paris.

—It is considered a pretty well-settled fact that death has no terrors for the man who marries a woman after a thirty years' courtship.

—A Toledo woman muzzled her husband to keep him from kissing the chambermaid. Is it really necessary this time of the year?

—Mme. Lind-Goldschmidt and Mr. Sims Reeves are each said to have a child whose promise of future renown as a singer is very great.

—Not one lady in ten bathes at Newport because it isn't genteel, and, furthermore, because they look like "horrid frights" in bathing costume.

—"Only children and fools sit on the beach under an umbrella," says the exasperated Miss Olemade from her elevated seat overlooking Swampscott beach.

—Donn Piatt says the proper thing to do when your horse is running away is "to hold fast to your seat and say your prayers; anyhow, hold fast to your seat."

—A man in Stark county, Ind., pays his boy ten cents a quart for potato-bugs, and the boy says that if next year is as good as this he can buy the old man out.

—More than a hundred people are drinking warm blood at the Boston abattoir for various diseases, and there is talk of building a hotel to accommodate the patients.

—Catgut is prepared from the intestines of the sheep or goat, and the manufacture is chiefly confined to Italy. No manufacture of catgut is known in this country.

—Another old pioneer gone. He lived at Troy, and he "goned" with $6,000 which did not belong to him, and took along the hired girl to comfort his old age.

—A little boy was asked about the story of Joseph, and if he knew what wrong his brethren done in disposing of him, when he replied, "I suppose they sold him too cheap."

—"Yes, George Washington was purty great and high," said a Missouri steamboat captain, "but then, stranger, he never owned a steamboat, which could hitch past the White Queen."

—An old veteran was relating his exploits to a crowd of boys, and mentioned having been in five engagements. "That's nothing," broke in a little fellow, "my sister Agnes has been engaged eleven times."

—The Vienna city architect has obtained permission to construct a stove in the principal cemetery for cremation purposes, and an old lady has given 30,000 florins for the construction of others.

—A greenhorn sat a long time very attentive, musing upon a cane-bottom chair. At length he said: "I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them ar holes and put straws around em?"

—A peddler calling on an old lady to dispose of some goods inquired of her if she could tell him of any road on which no peddler had traveled. "Yes," replied she, "I know of one, and that's the road to heaven."

—Detroit Free Press: "Turn for a moment from the Beecher scandal and ponder over the fact that the footprints of a Chicago lady on the prairie near Michigan City got a crowd of men out to hunt for a stray elephant."

—At a recent reunion of the alumni of West Point it was voted unanimously that all living graduates of the academy, both from the south and north, be invited to join the anniversary dinner next year, on the 18th of June.

—One of the oddities of hot weather advertising is that of a gentleman who announces through the evening paper "his readiness to supply pulpits for any denomination or do any other ministerial work, during the heated term."

—Miss thackeray, daughter of the late novelist, writes that a great number of letters and signatures purporting to have been written by her father are in circulation. The greater part of these are forgeries, and of remarkably good execution.

—The various government bureaus are generally adopting a machine which prints all letters instead of writing them, and which can print, it is claimed, faster than a person can write. A clerk in the postoffice department has written fifty-six words per minute with this machine.

—About thirty applications for bank charters under the new law have been filed with the comptroller of the currency since congress adjourned. They come mainly from Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Kansas and Iowa, with a few from the southern states. The amount applied for is in the neighborhood of three millions of dollars. This leaves one million therefore reported "not called for."

—It is curious to note the origin of the sayings in common use. The expression "too thin" comes from the following hitting sarcasm in "Henry VIII.," act 5, scene 2: "You were good at sudden commendations, Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not to hear such flattery now, and in my presence; they are too thin and bare to hide offenses."